

5pc Peruvian Lawn	89¢	5pc Lawn Dressing Scaques	49¢	1.98	1.25
1.50 White Muslim Waists at	89¢				
2.00 Johnny Jones Linen Waists	89¢	1.50 Long Kimonos of Lawn	89¢		

12 1/2" Bust
 Tagged from
 \$2.49 down to

12 1/2" Bust
 Tagged from
 \$1.75 down to

For Sale in Watertown.

THE BOSTON AMERICAN

80 AND 82 SUMMER ST., BOSTON, AUGUST 2, 1907.

What Do You Laugh At?

"Tell Me What Amuses You and
I'll Tell You What You Are!"
—Victor Hugo.

"A fool has three laughs. He laughs at what is GOOD. He laughs at what is BAD. And he laughs at what he DOES NOT UNDERSTAND."

Man is the only animal that laughs—at least, man says so, and we are inclined to think that he tells the truth.

Dogs, monkeys and other animals look happy, they show their teeth and let their lips hang down in a funny fashion. But they do not laugh. Man laughs, and his laughter BETRAYS HIS CHARACTER.

Victor Hugo says: "Tell me what amuses you and I'll tell you what you are."

Laughter indicates amusement, in one of its phases. The ordinary laughter simply indicates enjoyment, combined with surprise. The laugh is caused by some kind of explosion that occurs in the brain when things turn out strangely.

When events follow the natural course, there may be amusement and pleasure, but there is no laughter.

There are all kinds of mirth and all kinds of laughter in the world, just as there are all kinds of human beings.

The primitive mind of the child laughs boisterously when a friend falls in the ice or falls down stairs.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are thoroughly delighted when the comedy artist burles a hatchet in the cork wig of his vaudeville associate, or squirts seltzer water in his face in the barber shop scene.

The higher form of intellect enjoys the higher wit of a Moliere or a Swift—wit without meaning for the gentleman who is most violently pleased when the hatchet enters the vaudeville artist's cork skull.

Laughter is only a mode of expression. It can express brutality or gentle kindness.

You may see an ignorant, stupid face cracked with laughter at the tragic sight of a drunken woman. How far removed that is from the beautiful, mirthful smile of an old man answering the ingenious questions of some little child.

Of all laughter, one-half is brutal, noisy and meaningless, one-quarter is malicious—our poorly developed characters are betrayed by our laughing at the misfortunes of others. One-quarter, perhaps, is the intellectual mirth called forth by wit or harmless humor.

The most depressing kind of laughter is not that of the fool, as described by Burne-Jones, but that of the brutal man who laughs at suffering.

In the great Chicago slaughter houses the pigs to be butchered hang in rows, suspended by one hind leg. They are passed along, squealing, struggling convulsively, to the man who cuts their throats—and many of the spectators laugh at these wretched animals.

More brutal than he who laughs at a bleeding animal, however, is the man who laughs at a drunken man.

Watch your friends, observe their laughter and its causes, and you will soon know more about them.

The cynic is betrayed by his laughter. The sycophant and flatterer laughs in his own only way. The man of evil mind betrays himself in his mirth.

The human laugh spells out the human character. Laughter and tears are close together, and each in a way is a sign of weakness, of intellect unable to control the passing emotion.

It is probable that the greatest man laugh the least and weep the least. There was certainly a hundred times as much laughter in any negro slave's cabin as in the home of John Brown.

Good health, of course, stimulates laughter; childhood is sad without it, earth would be dull without it. The man who makes others laugh does good, for in laughter man forgets himself, and we need to forget ourselves at times.

On the whole, it is safe to say, the more laughter the less thought. The loud, harsh laugh "speaks the vacant mind."

After you read this notice, the next few laughs that you hear, and see what you make out of them.

Anybody can tell a fool by his laugh; it takes a little closer observation to tell the hypocrite, the cruel man, the sycophant and the thoughtless.

"Mr. Reid Entertains Royalty"

Who Says Our American Republic
Is Not a Success

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Did you see it "in the paper"? Whitelaw Reid, Ambassador from the American republic to the King and Emperor of Great Britain and India, actually "entertained royalty at dinner" on Thursday night. It was real "royalty, nothing second-hand or cheap. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll really came and really ate at the table of the American Ambassador. The Duchess of Argyll, you must know—or hide your head in shame if you don't know it—is the sister of the King.

Naturally, when they arrived, as the faithful reporter says, "Mr. Reid received the Duke and Duchess in the entrance hall and escorted them to the reception rooms on the first floor."

Can you imagine the trembling, excited frame of the Ambassador from this plain republic actually receiving genuine royalty in the front hall and taking it upstairs?

That ought to delight every American who loves his native land and feels that it needs royal endorsement.

If you are bothered by the trusts, if you have difficulty with your bills, if you are worried about the money it will cost to send your sons to college—CHEER UP.

Your Ambassador in London has eaten with royalty. He had a prince in addition to the royal lady, he had so many aristocrats that it took two large round tables to accommodate them. These tables were covered "with pink malmalons, the costliest and rarest orchids." After that there was a large dance, and then "supper was served in the library, while two of the most expensive bands in London played."

All this happened in Dorchester House, the modest home of the Ambassador from the American republic—it costs about \$500,000 a year to keep it going.

Isn't you delighted to think what splendid Ambassadors this republic can send "to represent democracy" in an effete monarchy?

What sort of a figure would a Horace Greeley or a Ben Franklin, or any common American of that type, cut beside Whitelaw Reid, who "entertains royalty"?

We are on the upgrade, we are getting rich fast and getting into "real society" very rapidly. We may have royalty of our own before very long if we keep on.

NATIONAL VAUDEVILLE BY T. E. POWERS

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Amateur Night—Plain People Gets the Hook



THE HALL-ROOM BOYS THEY DO IT ON \$9.50 PER

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THEY DISPLAY THEIR ABILITY TO CLIMB

THE STENOGRAPHER

She and the Bookkeeper Discuss the General
Undesirability of the New "Perfect Woman"
By Dorothy Dix

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"SEE," said the Stenographer, "the perfect woman is just as highly educated and brilliant,"

"The Lord preserve and protect me from her," ejaculated the Bookkeeper. "There's nothing like a man's old feet like meeting up with a brilliant woman. Every now and then I hear some yapping fellow who's a no woman who are conversationalists like there used to be in the past. The answer is dead easy. The lady stenographer got passed up by the marrying brigade. She died as an old maid, and women got wiser to the fact that the much-to-be-hoped-for lady was due to have spinster carved on her tomb."

"You surprise me," exclaimed the Stenographer. "I supposed that all the men would be booting it across the bridge deep for her."

"Nuts!" replied the Bookkeeper. "She couldn't get married if she was the only woman in a Western mining town. Men don't really admire perfection in women. They only like to talk about it. If any of us should happen to meet up with our ideal we'd break the sprinting record getting away from her."

"I suppose," suggested the Stenographer, "that the perfect woman will be perfectly beautiful."

"All of the pretty women I have ever known were ugly," returned the Bookkeeper. "Your classic-featured ladies look like dolls, or the heads of new hats are displayed on in show windows. The nose that sets men on fire is one that has a snaky little tilt to it, or is a bit too long and short."

"The mouth that a man wants to kiss is a bit too full for the lips of beauty, or it's got a provoking little droop to one corner, and the sweetest smile that's ever seen more than likely had some sort of a little cast in them."

"Look at your regular beauties. Whom does he marry?" the snail-thumbed his tea, and said to somebody who had fallen to the dust, and knows how it is himself. "Nobody's anybody so unpretty."

"Well," said the Stenographer, "if men don't want women to become perfect and don't really desire perfection in a woman, are they always urging it on us?"

"I don't know you humble. Besides, I'm safe. We know you'll never get near enough to a woman to get real conversation for us," replied the Bookkeeper.

"I'm especially sorry for some women who's got a blue ribbon in a beauty wouldn't have much in common with men. It will come down and carry me and my remarks the Stenographer, maliciously."

Where She Ends

"I'm a bit. It's generally some saved-off, banty-legged little fellow who has been calling 'Gee!' until he's got a voice like a megaphone. I'm especially sorry for some women who's got a blue ribbon in a beauty wouldn't have much in common with men. It will come down and carry me and my remarks the Stenographer, maliciously."

Listen to the Merry Sea Gull's Chatter

By James J. Montague



COME and journey with me to the murmuring sea. When the sun is sullenly sinking. And with gentle delight, through the velvety night, We will bask while the sea gulls are thinking.

We will gather their views on the gist of the news. As they float through the anticlimactic air banks. And we'll learn if they think that that awful mixed drink Was really lapped up by lank Fairbanks.

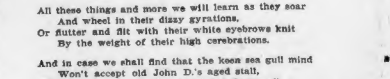
We'll find out if they deem that the heaving of bay Helps to settle the Japanese question. Or if Louis is so firm for a third-and-tenth-term Because of hypnotic suggestion.

We will know if chinwags make a noise like a lynch When the shouting scientist girds 'em. Or if one T. R. who was let's 'n'ing afar, Would know them apart if he heard 'em.

We'll find out if a trust would give up in disgust Because of the popular grudge. At extortion and such which are making them rich, If there weren't any Federal judges.

All these things and more we will learn as they soar And wheel in their dizzy gyrations. Or flutter and fill with their white eyebrows knit. By the weight of their high conversations.

And in case we shall find that the keen sea gull mind Won't accept old John D.'s aged stall, "Be good and you'll be baroque rather than me," We'll conclude they're NOT gulls after all.



Warm Weather Hints.

By Wex Jones.

EMONADE will be considerably cooler if kept on ice several hours before being served.

Keep the windows open as much as possible. This will more readily admit fresh air and purgation.

Nothing is a pleasant pastime to the summer. There are, however, several "don'ts" that should be observed. Don't eat in an empty stomach; the cover if a dinner is served into them.

Cold baths are pleasant at this time after you have become acclimated. Don't swim outside Boston Light unless you have a return ticket on one of the liners.

Don't carry away the sand in hot bath one gets in winter.

Electric fans will stir up the air, and they will give you an excellent shower bath if a dipper is added to them.

Don't be afraid to get into the water. Cold baths are pleasant at this time after you have become acclimated. Don't swim outside Boston Light unless you have a return ticket on one of the liners.

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